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A Real Sweet Story.

It was by far the worst quarrel they had ever had, and they had a temper, and they were, both of them, impulsive young people with very little self-control.

'You are a false, selfish, untruthful manlike man.' said she.

'And you are a suspicious, unreasonable, unwomanly woman,' said he.

'Take back your letters' she cried, flinging a parcel tied with hyacinth-blue ribbon, on the floor at his feet.

'I will,' he muttered between his clinched teeth, picking up the parcel and throwing it into the fire, where it blazed brightly for a moment or two and then flew in thin, uncanny fragments up the chimney. As the last fragment disappeared. Rick turned again to Letty with frowning brow, and asked as he had asked before. 'Do you still persist in accusing me of deceit and falsehood?'

'I do,' she replied, 'unless you show me the charm.'

'I will not show it to you,' he declared, with violent emphasis. 'If my word be not sufficient. I refuse to give you further proof. And I also wonder how you, believing me false and untruthful, can be willing to trust your future to me. And to speak frankly, I think we have made a great mistake in supposing that we could spend the future happily together, for I am fully convinced that we are anything but

"Two souls with but a single thought,
Two hearts that beat as one."

(These lines were quoted with the most sarcastic infection.) 'And, furthermore, I also begin to think that perhaps it would have been better if we had never made this mistake—if we had never met in fact.'

'Oh, indeed, sir!' with great assumption of dignity. 'Have you just arrived at that conclusion? I have long been sure of it. But there is nothing easier than to part. Your letters are already disposed of. To-morrow I will send back your ring and picture. And then when I am free once more, I can try to please my mother (our acquaintance, as you are well aware, has never pleased her), and in pleasing her I may find that I am doing a pleasant as well as a wise thing for myself.'

'Are you referring to Brougham Brown?'

'I *am* referring to Brougham Brown.'

'By heavens!' exclaimed Rick. seizing his hat, 'this is too much, Letty, good-bye forever!'

But Letty began humming an air from 'Patience,' drumming an accompaniment on the window pane, and vouchsafed no answer. Rick rushed from the room. The humming and drumming ceased instantly, and the whilom performer listened intently.—Five minutes passed, and still the great door did not slam. 'He is waiting for me to come out into the hall and beg his pardon, I suppose,' she said, with a defiant grimace, 'but I won't,' and she turned again to the window as the door shut with a bang.

And she flung herself on the lounge, kicked off her slippers, and cried like a summer shower. Rick gone, and gone forever?—Rick, whom she had loved so dearly for two long years. And why? Just because that silly, giggling Lena Varian, with her pale blue eyes and straw-colored hair, had chosen to tell fibs about him. And shaking the tears from her lashes, she began scolding herself as hard as she had often scolded poor Rick. 'The idea, Lotty Lounsberry, of you believing that girl before him! What possessed you? He did flirt with her, that is true, but all men flirt a little with girls who persist in admiring them. But he never gave her the little gold pig—your Christmas gift to him—never! How she got it I can't imagine, but he would have explained it if you had given him a chance.' And then the mother, gone to Aunt Emory's for a two day's visit, came in for a full share of reproach. 'If she had let our engagement be known instead of insisting on waiting until Rick was twenty-one, and I had not been obliged to carry my engagement ring in my back hair, the only place where it would be safe from Baby's—Goodness gracious! Baby!' And Lettie suddenly remembered that ever since Rick came in to make a morning call, knowing Mrs. Lounsberry was absent—poor fellow! he would have staid away could he have foreseen this reception—Baby had been sitting alone in the dinning room in the middle of the big dinner table, surrounded by all the pickle and marmalade jars, and fruit cans and catsup bottles, and jam pots out of the store-room. For it was monthly house-cleaning day, and the store-room fell to Letty's share, the foreign help being gifted with too great a talent for smash-and breaking, to say nothing of an equally great talent for abstracting and devouring both sweet and sour. Letty sprang from the lounge, thrust her feet into her slippers, and hastened to where duty had been calling her for some time. Baby sat, as good as gold, nursing a bottle of tomato sauce, snugly wrapped in a dish towel. in the very spot where she had been when Rick's ring summoned her sister to the door. Only one small flask lay broken on the floor, filling the air with the subtile fragrance of garlic. 'That won't be missed,' said Letty. 'Thank fortune there is no more mischief done' But the 'thank' was scarcely uttered when her eyes fell on the famous peach marmalade, the secret of the making of which died with grandmamma, and which was being kept carefully for Aunt Emory's (Aunt Emory was an old maid worth $30,000) birthday. There it stood directly in front of Baby, with more than one half of its thick paper hat torn off, and a yawning cavity made in its precious contents by little scooping fingers.

'Oh, Baby, why couldn't you have taken any jar but that?' asked Letty reproachfully and dramatically. But Baby had no excuse to offer for not doing so, for she kept crooning to her bottle doll, while her sister hastily fashioned another paper hat, and tied it securely over what remained of the original covering.

Then said Baby, 'Rick tiss I—nice Rick!'

Oh, that is what he was doing when she foolishly imagned he was waiting for her to come and implore his forgiveness—bidding good bye to Baby. She might have known it, for he had always loved Baby dearly.

'Yes Baby, nice Rick, good Rick, dear Rick; but, for all that, the ring he gave goes back to him to-morrow unless I hear from him to-night. How dare he wish we had never met.'

But she did not hear from him that night, and the next day the little band of gold was released from its hiding place in her thick, brown hair. and a too faithful messenger placed it in Rick's hands as he left his place of business. But, ah! what a silent, sorrowful maiden wandered about Lounsberry dwelling thereafter! What a listless, weary voice repeated the nursery rhymes that Baby demanded fifty times a day!

'No nice—no more,' said Baby, missing the merry tones and happy laugh.

But Mrs. Lounsberry was not at all displeased with the turn affairs had taken. Brongham Brown suited her much better as a prospective son-in-law than Richard Crieghton. One was a wealthy young brewer, the other a poor clerk in a counting house.

'Letty will soon get over it,' she said to Letty's father, whose heart ached at the sight of his daughter's sad face. 'A first love disappointment is always hard to bear. I thought I should have died when Stephen Ford married my cousin; but I didnt. I lived to marry you and I have a seal-skin cloak, and Mrs. Ford hasn't even a jacket.'

And so Brougham Brown, who really was a manly, generous, good-natured fellow, in spite of his beer and wealth, encouraged by the maternal head of the house, began devoting himself in the most ardent fashion to Letty; and she seeing her mother's pleasure thereat, and hearing no word from Rick received his attentions in a passive.unresponsive way.

Three months went by, and it was, Aunt Emory's birthday, and that eccentric old lady had decided to divide it among the family, lunching with one portion, dining with another and supping with a third. The lunch party was giving at her sister Letitia's (Mrs. Lounsberry), and so ne half dozen old friends and some dozen relatives were hidden to the feast. Letty in a sea green gown (Rick's favorite gown), with a spray of pink hyacinths (Rick's favorite spring flower) in her hair, went quietly about welcoming the guests.—Brougham Brown followed her like her shadow until lunch was announced. Then taking her place at the table, the young man still near her, she raised the cover from and dipped a spoon into the last jar of grandmamma's famous peach marmalade (she had it placed before her, trusting to be able to hide the mischief Baby had done), when somebody said, addressing her mother: Have you heard that Richard Creighton is going abroad for his health? He has given up his situation, and sails in a day or two. They say he has failed very fast lately.'

And the very next moment Aunt Emory fixed her spectacled eyes upon her niece's poor, pale face, and asked sharply; 'What's the matter; child? Do you see anything dreadful in the sweets?'

'No, ma'am,' answered Letty with a pitiful attempt at a smile, when the spoon struck something harder than preseved peaches should be.

'Let me help you,' said Brougham, and with one turn of his wrist he placed upon the dainty china shell before her—a wad of paper.

'And so that in the last of the celebrated marmalade, is it? said Aunt Emory. 'I don't want any. I prefer my sweets unmixed with any foreign substances. Take it away, Norah.'

But Letty was already slowly unrolling the paper, (it proved to be the missing part of the jar's original hat)—a rather difficult thing to accomplish, as it stuck persistently to hear small fingers, but accomplished at last, when out rolled the little gold pig. And on the inside of the paper was scrawled, in Rick's bold hand, these word:

'My darling—how foolish we are—I am! Here is the charm. Miss Varian had it about ten minutes last night—only long enough to show it to you and tell you a story about it. Baby will give it to you. Had no paper, so I tore a piece off one of your jam pots. Will see you to-morrow evening.

RICK.'

Never did a young lady so suddenly break through all the conventionalties of society; never did a daughter so quickly forget the wishes of her mother, never did a neice so unflinchingly bear the displeasure of a thirty thousand dollar aunt,as did Letty Lounsberry the instant she read the note.

Brougham,' she cried, looking at him with beautiful beseeching eyes. 'I must see Rick, I must—I must. 'You will go and bring him to me, dear?'

(It wast the first time she had ever called him 'dear.' and alas, he felt that it would be tee last.) For a moment he pulled his long moustache nervously. 'We are not very good friends you know,' at last he said.

'Yes I know. But I am to blame for that too,' said Letty, hurriedly.

'Forgive me, Brougham, but I must see Rick.'

And the good fellow hesitating no longer. turned from the imploring face, and, with a tugging at his heart strings, went off to seek his rival. He found him and brought him back to the girl they both loved.

And what do you think Aunt Emory did—Aunt Emory, who had declared over and over again that only as Mrs. Brougham. Betty should inherit any of her money. 'Left the house in a passion?' Not a bit of it. She laughed until she could laugh no longer.

'Now I shall have something new to tell folks,' she said. 'They must be tired and sick of my old yarns. I'm sure I am. Love, gold pigs, jealousy, and marmalade all mixed up together. It's one of the funniest things I ever heard of in all my life.'

'I'm glad you think so,' said Mrs. Lounsberry. 'It don't strike me that way. What are they going to live on?'

'Oh, I'll look after them, said Aunt Emory; and her remark makes a good ending to this real sweet story.—*Margaret Eytinge in Harper's Bazar.*

The Convicts Escape.

'One day in March, 1869. while we was layin' in port off Bunbury, in Western Australia, I was ashore; and I see a nice lookin' young fellow, about twenty-four years old, eyein' me pretty sharp. He was at work on chain-gang. Watchin' his chance, he says to me, 'Are you the mate of that whaler?'

'Yes,' says I.

'Then says he. 'Has the priest said anything to you about me?'

'No,' says I.

'Well, he's going to,' says he, and passed on quick.

'The priest followed right along, and asked me if I'd seen that young man before.

'Never, to my knowledge,' says I.

'Then he told me it was——, a Fenion prisoner; that he had been confined in Dartmoor prison in England for seven months, and then sent to Australia for life; that he'd been there goin' on 'leven months, and wanted to get off. And the upshot of it was the priest offered me five hundred dollars to get him off.

'I told him I didn't want his money. If he'd been a thief or a murderer I wouldn't have tried to help him away; but I could'nt make out that he'd committed any crime; so the priest and I, we fixed it that the next day, when my ship got under way, I should pick him up in the yawl—and I did.

'It beat all how quick everybody on board took to that fellow—he was so pleasant, and such a handsome young chap.

'Well, come August, we had to put into Rodrigues for water. It was that, or die of thirst.

'By this time the news of ——'s escape had got ahead of us and was known all over the world. It was just before sunset when a boat from shore come alongside, and her officer boarded us.

'—— was standin' just as near me as I be to you, when the officer up and says to me: 'Have you got a man on board by the name of——?'

'I kind of thought a minute—it seemed it 'twas about an hour—and then I says 'No,' says I, very quiet: 'we did have a fellow aboard by the name of Brown, but he died two months ago at Java.'

'He looked at me a minute, then says he, 'Well, you've got some ticket-of-leave men aboard, haven't you?'

'I was mighty glad he asked me that; for I thought it would take up his attention and give me a little time to think.

'I can't say as to that,' says I.

'Well,' says he, 'call your men up from forrard and we'll soon find out.'

'No,' says I: I don't want nothin' to do with that kind of business. You can look for yourselves if you like.'

So he and his gang went forrard and hauled out the stowaways, and put 'em aboard their boat, and pulled ashore, appearin' to be satisfied.

'As soon as they were gone, ——half crazy, says to me: 'My God! it's all up with me! What can I do? They'l come back for me, but I'll never be taken alive!'

'I knew he meant what he said; for the priest had told me he'd tried to commit suicide, and, if he couldn't escape, had determined to kill himself I calmed him down; told him to go below and keep out of sight, and I'd try to think up something; but says I, You shant be taken as long as I can stand by you.'

'I knew very well that as soon as they got ashore those ticket-of-leave men would blow on him, and really didn't know what to do. Things looked black.

'By this time it got to be dark. and I sat down by myself to think. Then I remembered a kind of locker under the stairs, where the steward sometimes kep' the dishes he wasn't usin'. It was shet by pushin' one of the stairs right over it. I knew they'd never find him there. Then I went to —— and told him to go and find a little grindstone there was on the ship, while I kep' the men busy forrard. When I come back I'd stop a spell and talk with steward; and when he heard me talkin' he must throw the grindstone and his hat overboard, give a shriek and then run and stow himself in the locker.

'When I come along back I stopped and says to the steward, 'I don't know what will happen when those fellows come aboard to-morrow morning. ——will never be taken alive. He'll kill some of 'em and kill himself, he threatened to do it in Australia.'

'Just then we heard a great splash and a scream. 'What's that? says I.

'It's ——,' says the stewart. 'he's thrown himself overboard.'

'Everybody heard it. The captain was off that day. I rushed aft, told the other officers and ordered out the boats. The men felt terrible. Every one of 'em was fond of him. We got out four boats and swept that harbor for hours. I was the last boat in. When I got aboard I found the second mate leanin' over tho ship's side, cryin' bitterly. 'He's gone, poor fellow! here's his hat,' says he, 'the men have just picked it up. We never shall see him again.'

'There wasn't a wink of sleep on board that night. The next morning I put the flag at half-mast. Everybody was solemn as death. ——'s wet hat lay on the hatchway. They all thought he was dead.

'The captain come off to see what was the matter. I told him the story—how we heard the splash, got out the boats and picked up ——'s hat. Right in the midst of it the officers from Rodrigues come aboard to claim their man. We told 'em the story and showed 'em the wet hat. They seen how bad the men felt, and they believed it all and pulled off.

'Late that afternoon we got our water all aboard and bore away to sea. I waited till we was almost out o' sight o' land, then I says to the captain: 'I guess I'll go below and get a cigar.' I went, and hauled the step away; and there was ——, all in a heap. I can see that fellow's face right before me now, white as chalk. eyes as black as night. He looked like a wild man.

'What now?' says he, trembling all over.

'Come out of that,' says I.

'What do you mean?' says he.

'Don't stop to ask questions, man, says I. 'Get out of that and come up, you're safe for this time. Land is almost out of sight.'

'He crawled out, and we went on deck together. 'Now,' says I, 'go and shake hands with the captain.'

'I went to the side of the ship and and stood there smokin' and pretendin' to be scannin' the horizon. I see the captain give one look at ——, a kind of scared look. He thought it was his ghost. Then he wrung ——'s hand and burst out crying jest like a baby. Pretty soon he looked at me. I never said a word.

Country Air.

If you go into the country, leave all your fashionable dresses at home. If you are more anxious about your flounces than about your lungs, and sit in fine harness upon the piazza like a Christmas doll in a case, too elegant to to be exposed to the open air, you will return to your home paler, thiner and less comfortable than you left it. If, on the contrary, you wear shoes you can walk in a belt you can breathe in a useful dress that did not cost you a fortune; and walk and climb, and ride and drive—if you can, and bathe, row and ramble about all day, you will find that the country going pays, and that you will look younger and brighter for all the year. You can knit crochet tidies and embroider handkerchief-bags all winter; you cannot climb the hills, and ramble by the waterside, or go a-berrying, or fishing, or see Nature at her sweetest in the city. You know you want to enjoy hourself, and that you would so often, if it were not for your dress. Well, then leave 'dress' behind you; simply clothe yourself; have your big hat, your loose boots, your flannel and calico. and never be afraid of appearance so that what you are doing is respectfully and proper. Half a dozen bright young women at a country hotel or farmhouse may set the fashion if they will so that all the Nimeny-pimenies who came down merely to make pictures of themselves in the grounds will soon be seen climbing the hills to see the views from the summits, or going down into the woods with tin pales in their hands to gather berries,

NOBODY'S FAULT BUT HIS OWN.—The veteran Owen Conlin, who for years did excellent service in 'mending the ways' of the youth of the country, met a very diminutive boy with a very long cigar in his mouth on the street one day recently.

'How old are you, my son?' kindly inquired Owen.

'Fourteen, sir,' was the polite reply.

'What are you doing?'

'Smoking.'

'How long have you smoked?'

'Four years. sir.'

'Ah! my son, I have lived seventy years. and never yet learned to smoke tobacco.'

Drawing himself up to his full height. the polite youth replied:

'You darned old fool. nobody's to blame but yourself; you might have learnt!'

Owen declares that he shall never try to reform the youth of this country again.

Shenandoah Herald

Advertising Rates:

Avertisements will be inserted at One Dolla per square of ten lines, or less, for the first insertion, and 50 cents for each subsequent insertion

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Notices in the local column will be inserted at ten cents per line, each insertion.

Advertisements for three months or longer will be inserted at lowerrates.

Bad boys are so very careless and impulsive where their pleasures are concerned. Two Brooklyn juvinles were severely punished last week for stoning their mother's new bonnet, under the impression that it was a wasp's nest.

Never wash raisins that are to be used in sweet dishes. It will make the pudding heavy.

The touchstone by which men try us is often their own vanity.

Private credit is wealth; public honor is security. The father that adorns the royal bird supports its flight; strip him of his plumage and you pin him to the earth.

Some people are always looking for the bad, and of course find it. They insist on carrying the heavy end of the log all through life.

If a man has good health it is unfair for him to ask the Lord to give him anything else, because he ought to get it for himself.

It is a great gift of the gods to be born with a hatred and contempt of all injustice and meanness.

When a man takes up politics as a profession his nature changes as easly as a tadpole becomes a frog.

In this age almost every person is a reaper, and receives more instruction from the press than the pulpit.

He who obeys with modesty appears worthy of some day or other being allowed to command.

A feast is made for laughter, and wine maketh merry; but money answereth all things.

Brain is the propelling force of the world, and thought is the symbol of progress.

A brave nation, like a brave man desires to see and measure the perils which threaten it.

That which seemeth most casual and subject to fortune is yet disposed by the ordinance of God.

How very fortunate it is that everyone is able to believe that he has more than his share of brains.